

# MOHAVE COUNTY MINER.

VOL. II.

MINERAL PARK, A. T., SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 1884.

NO. 34

## MOHAVE COUNTY MINER

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY BY

ANSON H. SMITH & CO

JAMES J. HYDE, EDITOR

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Copy, One Year..... 5.00  
Six Months..... 3.00  
Three Months..... 1.50  
Single Copies..... 10c

Entered at the postoffice in Mineral Park as second-class matter.

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## NITRO-GLYCERINE.

Its Power of Annihilation as Proved by Dreadful Instances.

"Attending the frightful deaths that so frequently follow the handling of nitro-glycerine in the oil regions," said Myron K. Paige, formerly an oil operator in Pennsylvania, "there is one feature the mysterious nature of which is startling. It has puzzled scientific observation and study, and I do not believe to day that any satisfactory explanation can be given of it. This singular feature is the almost complete annihilation of matter, especially of the human body, which is a majority of cases results from a fatal explosion of this deadly compound. I have noticed it in many instances, and the fact was again called to my mind by the article I read in the Sun the other day about the finding of a human hand by a fisherman in an isolated portion of the oil regions and the absence of all trace of any other remains. The story, by the way, was doubtless a startling one to many who read it, but to any one who ever lived in the oil country it was simply the telling of the old tragedy in a new form.

"I had a teamster once in my employ—poor Hank France. Like all men of his kind in the oil country there was nothing either above, below, or on the earth that he feared. He was in the habit of carting nitro-glycerine to any well where I wanted to use it, and he and his companion, Warren Jack, actually got so reckless in handling the stuff that other help I had would not stay at work when they knew Hank was coming in with glycerine, but went to a safe distance until he had deposited the explosive they required and had gone away.

"Hank and Warren actually used to unload the stuff the same as they would a load of bricks. Hank standing in the wagon and throwing a can to Warren some feet away, and Warren catching it and placing it on the ground in time to catch the next one that Hank tossed to him. As it takes a man with a good set of nerves to even ride in a wagon when he knows there is nitro-glycerine under the seat, this manner of handling a compound that the slightest jar frequently explodes will give you an idea of the kind of nerves these two men had. Each one knew that if Warren happened to miss catching a can there wouldn't be enough of them left to cover the bottom of a snuff box, but they had the daring to take the chances.

"No one ever knew what caused it, and no one would ever have known who it was that was wiped out, except from the fact that they knew who it was that would be coming that way with nitro-glycerine just about that time, and from one or two things we found; but when we heard the explosion that day we said: 'That's Hank's last trip.' The glycerine had exploded about a quarter of a mile from the well. We walked down there. There was the usual cellar that a few cans of the stuff always dug when it goes off, and the usual lot of timber felled. Three hundred feet off to the right of the road, in the woods, we found a wagon fire. We found the tail of one horse and portions of the body of another. In another part of the woods a man's knee was picked up, and although we searched over an area that it would have been impossible for any of the wreck to have been thrown, that was all we found except Hank's greasy oil cap lying by a stump and his watch hanging on the limb of a tree.

"As thoroughly as that does nitro-glycerine do its work. All who have had anything to do with it in the oil regions have had illustration after illustration of its annihilative power. The iron frames of wagons, and even nitro-glycerine safes, have been removed from human vision by an explosion as effectually as if they had never been formed. Look at that poor reckless devil, George Doran, who disappeared at Red Rock a few years ago. He was walking along with two or three cans of glycerine along over his shoulder in a bag. To rest himself he shifted the bag to the other shoulder. In doing so he jarred the cans together and disappeared with a goodly portion of Red Rock. That man weighed all of 200 pounds. All that the most thorough search ever recovered of that 200 pounds of flesh and bone was a part of one

foot—less than one pound. "Some savants have attempted to explain the mystery of this characteristic of nitro-glycerine by the theory of instantaneous vaporization of matter. That might be true as to flesh, but could the great masses of bone in the human body be vaporized in the twinkling of an eye? Could iron be reduced to vapor in an instant? It does not seem so to me.

"Others offer the theory of atomization of matter. This theory was disproved by another most melancholy occurrence in Alleghany county, N. Y., two or three years ago. This case was not characterized by such utter annihilation as others. Charles Berridge, a well-known oil man, was blown up by nitro-glycerine. The ground around was covered with spotless, new-fallen snow. On either side was a high and abrupt hill, only a few rods apart. Berridge was a very large man, of perhaps 180 pounds weight. The remains of the poor man were searched for carefully and long, for he was a good man and a popular one. The coffin in which they were borne to the grave, contents and all, weighed about fifteen pounds! Now for the atomization theory. The greatest force of a nitro-glycerine explosion is always upward. If the matter had been reduced to atoms, however infinitesimal, in falling back upon that spotless snow some trace of them must have been seen upon it. But it remained as spotless as before.

### Bill Nye's Budget.

"Speaking about prohibition," said Misery Brown, while we sat lying on the dump of the Blue Tail Fly. "I am prone to allow that the more you prohibit, the more you—all at once—discover that you have more or less failed to prohibit.

"A man once said to me that rum was the devil's drink, that Satan's home was filled with the odor of hot rum, that perdition was soaked with spiced rum and rum punch. 'You won't,' said he, 'the rum run has not. Why, Misery Brown,' said he, 'rum is my bete noir.' I said I didn't care what he used it for, he'd always it warming to the system. I told him he could use it for hot beto noir, or a blance mange, or any of those fancy drinks; I didn't care.

"But the worst time I had grasping with the great enemy, I reckon, was in the latter years of the war, when I had pretty near quashed the rebellion. Grim-visaged War had worn me down pretty well. I played the big tabs in the regimental band, and I began to sigh for peace.

"We had been on the march all summer, it seemed to me. We'd travel through the dust ankle-deep all day that was just like ashes, and halt in the red-hot sun five minutes to make coffee. We'd make our coffee in five minutes, and sometimes we'd make it in the middle of the road; but that's neither here nor there.

"We finally found out that we would make a stand in a certain town, and the Q. M. had two barrels of old and reliable whisky in store. We also found out that we couldn't get any for medical purposes nor any thing else. All we could do was to suffer on and wait till the war closed. I didn't feel like postponing the thing myself, so I began to investigate. The great foe of humanity was stored in a tobacco house, and the Q. M. slept there nights between the barrels. The chances for a debauch looked peaked and slim in the extreme. However, there was a basement below, and I got in there one night with a half-inch auger and two wash tubs. Later on there was a sound of revelry by night.

"The next day there was a spongy appearance to the top of the head which seemed to be confined to our regiment, as a result of the sudden giving way, as it were, of prohibitory restrictions. It was a very disagreeable day, I remember. All nature seemed clothed in gloom, and R. E. Morse, P. D. Q., seemed to be in charge of the proceedings. Red-eyed Regret was everywhere.

"We then proceeded to years for the other barrel of woe, that we might pile up some more regret, and have enough misery to last us through the balance of the campaign. We acted on this suggestion, and, with a firm resolve and the same half-inch auger, we stole once more into the basement of the tobacco house.

"I bored nineteen holes into the atmosphere, and then an intimate friend of mine bored twenty-seven distinct holes in the floor, only to bore through the bosom of the night

with a dull thud. Eleven of us spent the most of the night boring into that floor, and at three o'clock a. m. it looked like a hammock, it was so full of holes. The Quartermaster slept on through it all. He slept in a very audible tone of voice.

"At last we decided that he was sleeping maddling close to that barrel, so we began to bore closer to the snore. It was my turn to bore, I remember, and I took the auger with a heavy heart. I bored through the floor, and for the first time bored into something besides oxygen. It was the Quartermaster. A wild yell echoed throughout the Southern Confederacy, and I pulled out my auger. It had on the point a straw-berry-mark, and a fragment of one of those old fashioned woven wire gray shirts, such as Quartermasters used to wear.

"I remember that we left the tobacco-house. In the hurry we forgot two wash-tubs, a half-inch auger, and 950,351 new half-inch auger holes that had never been used. —Puck.

### Advertising Writ-out Fast.

A hardware man lately took the agency for a new kind of ice box for preserving cold vitals. It was a pretty good thing, he thought, and it was only necessary to enlighten the public regarding it to cause a tremendous rush of customers eager to purchase; so he consulted with himself and soliloquized thusly:

"That refrigerator must be brought before the people, and I'm just the man to do it. Don't talk to me about your newspaper advertisements. I'll show you how to advertise without cost. You don't catch me paying a paper for advertising, not I. I'm too old for that, and I'll show folks a new idea." Then he laughed a satisfied laugh, and at once set about making test of his new method of diffusing information. He mixed up a pot of black paint, procured several large sheets of cardboard and after much experimenting and repeated attempts, finally succeeded in producing two signs that read as follows:

"Fifty dollars to the man who can prove that any two things put into this ice chest will taste one of the other."

He had a refrigerator run out to the curbstone, hung a sign over each side, and retired indoors to await the expected run of customers. People passed up and down the street, glanced each other in their hurry, jostled at the ice box and its signs, and went on. After some hours of disappointed hopes and expectations the dealer saw a pedestrian halt, calmly peruse the wonderful announcement, and rather hesitatingly advanced to the door.

"Do you mean it?" he inquired in an anxious tone pointing over his shoulder to the sign.

"Yes, sir," emphatically responded the dealer.

"Put your money up," insinuated the stranger.

"No, sir," replied the dealer, in pompous style; "My word is as good as the cash."

"All right, I'll take you up," responded the stranger as he departed. Some time after he returned with a box under each arm.

"Stick to your agreement!" he replied.

"Of course I will," answered the dealer, wondering what in the name of Christopher Columbus the man had in view.

The stranger set his boxes down on the sidewalk, and a crowd began to collect. He told the dealer that he was afraid that he (the dealer) would back out of the bargain, but the latter asserted his readiness to put up stamps if necessary. The stranger opened a box, lifted a cat out and placed her in the refrigerator; then he opened the other box and took therefrom a wire cage containing a large rat.

"Now Mister," said he, "you just shut that door in a hurry when I flop the rat inside, and I'll go you another fifty that one will taste of the other in less than five minutes."

The crowd yelled and the dealer slammed the refrigerator door and slid into the store with a remark about fools and swindlers. He still refused to recognize the stranger's claim to the fifty dollars, but he has taken his sign in. —Denver Republican.

### Mrs. Mickson Smelt Smoke.

The clock struck 3, two of the children awoke with "squaws" and Mrs. Mickson, wife of an Arkansas Trav-

eller man turning over with a founce called to her husband, who was lying in an adjoining room:

"Peter!"

"Well."

"I believe there is a man in the house."

"Yes, I'm here."

"I don't mean you. I smell a cigar."

"Where did you get it?"

"I haven't got it, you greenhorn. I mean that I smell cigar smoke. I know that somebody has slipped into this house, and you needn't say there hasn't, and she arose and looked under the bed.

"Who do you think it is?" asked the husband.

"It's a robber—that's who."

"Do you think that a robber would come around a man's house and smoke cigars?"

"It makes no difference, I smell cigar smoke," opening the closet door.

"I smell cigar smoke, too, said the husband. I have been smelling it for some time."

"Get up and help me look for it."

"What, the smoke?"

"No, the man."

"Come on, and I think we can find him."

Mrs. Mickson entered her husband's room and found that gentleman lying on the bed smoking a cigar.

"I don't believe you have good sense," indignantly exclaimed the wife. "Why didn't you tell me that you were lying here smoking like a fool?"

"Because I am not smoking like a fool."

"Oh, you think you are smart," and the lady went back and tumbled into bed.

### A Very Much Mixed Marriage.

A class of marriages that may certainly be regarded among the eccentricities of wedlock are those unions bringing parties into complex family relations. Mr. Howe tells us of a marriage in Cornwall, in 1823, by which the father became brother in-law to his son; the mother, mother-in-law to her mother; the mother-in-law of the son, his sister-in-law; the sister of the mother in law, her daughter-in-law; the sister of the daughter-in-law, her mother-in-law; the son of the father, brother-in-law to his mother-in-law and uncle to his brothers and sisters; the wife of the son, sister-in-law to her father in law, and aunt-in-law to her husband; and the offspring of the son and his wife would be grandchildren to their uncle aunt, and cousins to their father. Says Jefferson: "When Lord Dundreary has mastered all the difficulties of this perplexing piece of family history, he may throw daylight into the darkness resulting from the intermarriage of the Haywoods and Cashicks, of Kent." This family complication was caused thus: One member of the Haywood family had two daughters, one of whom was married to John Cashick, the father, and the other to John Cashick, the son. The elder Cashick and a daughter by his first wife, whom Mr. Haywood subsequently married, and this lady, could now claim her father as her son, her sister as her daughter, and her brother as her grandchild. This occurred in the seventeenth century, and, with the help of several intermarriages since to further complicate matters, there is not one of the descendants of those two families to day who can clearly define his own position with regard to his relatives of the present generation, much less those of one or two generations preceding him.

### Cold Ham and Sausages as Diet for Athletes.

In Dr. Sargent's recent lecture on "What Shall We Eat to Get Strong?" he said in the course of his remarks:

"It has been customary to train athletes on lean beef and mutton, but he thought this a mistake, as tissue-making food should be used in combination with these and the diet should be so changed as to meet the requirements of the organism of the persons of the person using it, for to establish one diet for all persons was ridiculous. Beef alone is not superior to meal, beans, or other farinaceous food, and the size of the muscles of a man is not indicative of his strength. Farinaceous food tones a man down and will tend to give him more endurance. A man who can strike a blow equal to four hundred pounds would be called a strong man, but this strength cannot be

kept up for any length of time on animal food, as it comes from the base of the brain, and endurance must be sought for in any other kind of food. To reduce the weight of a man in training lean meats may do, but when he is down in weight he must go must go back to food containing more carbon, such as ham and sausages, which should always be eaten cold. Three years ago this would have been considered ridiculous by trainers, but for a diet for running, walking and rowing it has been found that saccharine food with beef or mutton, is the best; tea, coffee and alcohol, as well as condiments are objectional; indeed, it is not the quantity of food a person eats that strengthens him; but that assimilated and worked into the organism." —Ex.

### CONDITION OF THE NAVY.

"Commodore," said Secretary Chandler to Commodore Walker last Monday morning, "how many boats have we now in the navy?"

"Four," replied the Commodore.

"What kind are they?" inquired the Secretary.

"We have a canoe that is being repaired; a bateau, which is also being repaired; a skiff in good condition, and a dog out that has four holes in its bottom."

"How many guns do they carry?" continued the strong man of the Cabinet.

"How many what?" repeated Commodore Walker.

"Guns," said the Secretary.

"Guns, guns—why, what are guns?" queried the officer.

"Things that are loaded and go off," replied Mr. Chandler.

"Well, Mr. Secretary," said Commodore Walker with a puzzled expression, "the only things I know of in the navy that get loaded and go off are the officers."

Secretary Chandler discontinued the conversation. —Washington Hatchet.

Senator Coke, of Texas, has a remarkably powerful voice, and it is said that when he was discussing the plouro pneumonia bill and got his throat wide open, the pages put cotton in their ears and wedged the window sashes to keep them from rattling and breaking the glass.

At the climax of his vociferations Coke announced that he intended to speak so the whole country would hear him; and when he paused for breath Beck remarked: "Guess they will, Coke, if they are not stone deaf."

### Just Right.

Madame, you've destroyed five dollars worth of merchandise," angrily remarked a dude to a lady, as she seated herself in a chair where he had deposited a new Derby hat. "Serve you right she replied, slowly rising from the ruin, "you had no business to buy a five dollar hat for a fifty cent head." —Brooklyn Eagle.

### London Truth finds the following in the Scott's Magazine, March, 1755:

"There was lately presented to the Empress of Russia a laboring man who had two wives, the first of whom brought him four times four children at a birth, seven times three, and ten times two. The second wife once brought forth three children, and the other six times two. The whole number of children by the two wives amount to seventy-two.

The prospects of Arizona are being rapidly developed into mines. A little more capital, a stronger tendency to develop instead of sell and a higher degree of stick-to-it-iveness will rank that Territory with the four or five great producers of the world. Remember this statement. —Rocky Mountain Mining Review.

"Do you know the Jacksons?" asked a lady of a young man who lived in their neighborhood. "No, I'm not personally acquainted with all the members of the family," he replied, "but I always speak to the dog at the front gate as I go past." —Merchant Traveler.

"Well, Pat," was asked of a recently arrived emigrant, "and how do you like America?" "It's a fine country, sor," "Have you succeeded in getting work, yet?" "No, sir, but I have a friend in Washington who is after getting me a pension." —Anon.

Farmer Russell, a negro, burned

his wheat stubble the other day at Frederickburg. He barely got his team out of the way before eleven explosions followed rapidly after each other. The fire had struck a pile of shells on a battlefield.

"Papa, what is the tariff?" asked a Congressman's little boy. Gazing compassionately at the youthful knowledge-seeker and sadly shaking his head he replied: "My son, I cannot tell a lie; I do not know." —New York World.

Little Baroness—"Mamma, our governess says all men must die, and when children die they go to heaven and are called angels. But when one of us dies, mamma, she is called von angel, isn't she?" —Fliegende Blätter.

"When shall we have any better weather?" asked the reporter of the editor. "In heaven, was the reply. Then the reporter looked sad, feeling that he would never have an opportunity of enjoying it. —Holyoke Transcript.

A little 4-year-old said to his mother last week: "Mother, I believe God thinks I'm dead." "Why?" asked the mother somewhat astonished at the remark. "Cause I haven't said my prayers for a week." —Denver Opinion.

"Were you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yachtsman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I guess so," responded the good man. "I have helped to bring up eight babies." —New Orleans Item.

Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Tyler and Martha Washington are the only wives of former Presidents whose portraits are hung in the White House.

A female descendant of Miraban keeps a tobacco store in Berlin.

The cattle now owned in Colorado are valued at \$40,000,000.

Yellow fever is raging at Havana, Cuba.

The School Master of Our Republic.

"When our republic rose, Noah Webster became its schoolmaster. There had never been a great nation with a universal language without dialects. The Yorkshireman can not now talk with a man from Cornwall.

The peasant of the Ligurian Apennines, drives his goats home at evening over hills that lock down on six provinces, none of whose dialects he can speak. Here, five thousand miles change not the sound of a word. Around every fireside, and from every tribune, in every field of labor and every factory of toil, is heard the same tongue. We owe it to Webster's Spelling Book and Dictionary. He has done for us more than Alfred did for England, or Cadmus for Greece. His books have educated three generations. They are forever multiplying his innumerable army of thinkers, who will transmit his name from age to age. Only two men have stood on the New World, whose fame is so sure to last—Columbus, its discoverer, and Washington, its savior. Webster is and will be its great teacher; and these three make our trinity of fame."



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